Independent in all things.

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Mrs. Diaz thinks the philosopher's

surprise at the result of his investi-

gations would be greatly increased

if he had pursued them further, and

discovered that for every other oc-

Vol. XXVI, No. 30.

ASHTABULA, OHIO, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1875.

Whole Number 1333.

BUSINESS DIRECTOR		All Property of		355
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PHYSICIANS. DR. P. DEFCEMAN, Physician & Bargeon having located himself in Ashtabula, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Ashtabula sud vicinity. Dr. P. Deichman speaks the German and English languages fluurity. His office and residence is in Smith's new block, Centre street.

F. D. CASE, Physician and Surgeon, office over D. W. Haskell's store, corner of Spring and Main Sts., Astriabula, Chio. Office hours from 11 a. m. to 13 m. and from 1 to 2, p. m. 18884

DR. O. S. MARTIN, Homepathic Physicias and Surgeon, respectfully asks a share of the patronage of Ashiabula and vicinity. Office over Newberry's Drug Store. Residence corner Park and Vine Sts. H. H. BARTLETT, M. D. Homospath

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and design in frequency and the protographers and design in Figures, Engravings. Chromos, de. having a large supply of Monidings of various descriptions is prepared to frame anything in the pacture time, at abortantics and in the best sixts. Second floor of the Hall store, and door Senting of the Hall store. Indicate the second floor of the Hall store.

ASHTABULA, JOUNGSTOWN PITTSBURGH RAILBOAD. CONDENSED TIME TABLE May 24, 1875. P. M. P. M.

P. R. MYERS, Gen. Pass. a Ticket Agent. L. S. & M. S. - FRANKLIN DIVISION. From and after May 23, 1875, Passenger Trains

GOING WEST.

2 30 FE FE Trains stop only on Signal. Trains do not Stop. aTelegraph Stations. Theveland Time. The Way Preight trains atop at Jefferson in coing West, at 4.2 P. M., and going East at 7.39 A. M. These trains carry presengers.

ERIE PARL WAY. Abstract of Time Table Adopted Nov. 16, 1874

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h-	STATIONS.	No. 8. N.Y Express.	No. 12. Atlantic Express	No. 4 Nigh Expres
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Tersey City ... 7 43 " 7 20 " 196 "
New York ... 7 55 P m 7 40 A. m 1 40 "
Boston ... 5 00 A m 5 00 P.m. 11 00 P m * No. 12 runs daily and No. 8 daily from Sala-manca and Buffalo. † Meal Stations. Ask for tickets by way of Eric Railway. Por Sale at all the principal Ticket Offices. JNO. N. ABROTT. Gen. Pas. Agent, N. Y.

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Dealer inFurniture of the best descriptions and
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491

I HE subscriber offiers for Shie, onl
South Ridge Road,
about twenty rods south of the corporation line.
Also other lots, upon the height of land command,
lag a beautiful 'level of the lake, and country
around. Lands conveniently situated, may be
added to any of the aforonaid lots if desired.

JAMES PHILLIPS,

No.'s 30 and 54 Public Square, Clevaland, O. HE subscriber offers for sale, on

For Sale! HE Subscriber offers for sale Ashtabula Harbor, Feb. 25th, 1875. 1812tf L. FILLMORE, South New

GOOD LIVE MEN WANTED AS AGENTS New Goods, & Cheap

Howe Sewing Machine.

I have just received a

Large Stock

Bottom Prices

The public are respectfully invited to Call & Examine Goods and Prices

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Kingsville, May 10th, 1875. THE STALLION Young Cassius M. Clay

owned by O. B. Gould, Esq. of Scioto County, O. will stand for mares at MAPLE GROVE, OR WATROUS PARM, Turnpike, during the coming season.

Mares from a distance will be well taken care
of, and good pasture provided, but at risk of own-

DESCRIPTION. POUNG CASSIUS M. CLAY is a dark ma-hogony bay, 16½ hands high; ten years old this spring. Hes fine bold astion, superior movements in all his gaits, great hone and muscular power, combined with his purity of blood, readers himone of the most choice stock horses for trotting, sale smal coach horses, in America. His colts in Ham-ilton and Warren counties, Ohio, compare favora-bly with any in the State for fine, free action and massles. muscle.
For Pedigree, see Wallace Stud Book.
TERMS:—\$35 for the season, and \$40 to ins
1815 GEO. PRENTISS. Keeps

RICHARD ALLEN, Auctioneer. has been in the business for ten years, and can give good satisfaction. Terms low. For infor-mation call at H. C. Tombes' SEE HERE.

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ASHTABULA.

JI MANSFIELD & COMPANY

A NNOUNCE the fact this early, that although our stock of MEN, BOTS

CLOTHING,

are both Immensely Large and Ver g Fine, yet every dollar's worth will be sold in its sea-sou regardless of cost or value, and the

SLAUGETER

has already begun. We never shall carry one do lars worth of goods from one season to anothe

Many goods are now selling for

LESS THAN ONE-HALF

their value, Our

Overcoat Department

omprises more than One Handred Varieties, sizes and qualities. Gent's Furnishing Goods!

are a large item in our strick and must be red Elegant Assortment of DRESSING GOWNS,

> SCARFS, TIES, GLOVES & MITTE; the speed the legs and but

Also ndless variety of UNDERGARMENTS!!

For the Telegraph. DOWN THE GULF. Down the steep and rugged hill-side,

Where Dame Nature's done her best To induce a tiny streamlet To glide on in perfect rest; Where the trees in wild profusion, Shadow o'er the little stream, Making one almost forgetful

That life is not all a dream. There we went, just for a ramble, On a summer afternoon, Twas the season of the harvest-In the month that follows June. And we clambered down the hill-side:

Down and farther down we went. "Til at last we reached the bottom, There to rest awhile content. All enrapt, we gazed around us, Trees loomed up on either hand, While the sunlight sifting through them

Mingled beauty with the grand, And we wandered through the ravine Wading in the brooklet' flow, Looking vainly to find out where All the tiny fishes go.

And the branches twined above us From the trees so tall and high, On the right and on the left bank. Seeming most to reach the sky. Now anon the water deepened,

Down we went ere we could know. Sure, we thought we'd learned the see Of where all the fishes go. But a splash or two, and like them,

Soon we wound our way along, While the little waves kept dancing To the brooklet's gentle song. And we saug awhile together,

Just to hear our voices rise, To the living world above us-On a level with the skies. But more loud and trebly clearer, Were our songs the culvert through;

Strange it seemed that so much music Was produced by just us two! O'er the clear and pebly bottom, Soon our homeward way we went,

Resting now upon a tree trunk Which across the stream was bent, Climbing once again the hill-side, Tired somewhat, and clothing rent, Feeling much as if we'd been gone Half the forty days of Lent.

Ashtabula, Aug., 1872. TM GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SATE. My days pass silently away, My nights are blessed with sweetest slee ptoms of decay, My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false or cold,
And yet of late I often sigh,
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of elden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy for rhymes,
My growing love for easy shoes,
My growing hate for crowds and noise,
My growing fear for catching cold My growing fear for catching cold, And tell me in the plainest voice— I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff, I'm growing fonder of my stan,
I'm growing dimmer in the eye,
I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sigh;
I'm growing careless in my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old?

I feel it in my changing taste, I see it in my changing air, see it in my growing waist I see it in my snowing hair; A thousand hints proclaim the truth, As plain as truth was ever told, And even in my vaunted youth I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the hours bequeath,
But makes me debtor to the years. R'en Flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tell me in "How young you are?"
I'm growing old!

Thanks to the years whose happy flight Thanks to the years whose happy might.

My somber muse too sadly sings;
Thanks to the gleams of golden light.

That the darkness of their wings—
The light that beams from out the sky.

These heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
I'm growing old!

A WOMAN'S PRIDE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA. It was a fair, sunny day in August. They were out on the cliffs, fathoms above the sea, at play. She, a darkeyed haughty-faced young beauty of

to note the richness of her silken robes, the coarseness and threadbare scantiness of his, to feel assured of that. No gentleman's son wore a blue blouse and a tattered cap like

Duke Ruthertord's. The children were gathering mos-ses from the rocks and chattering gaily together, forgetful of rank or station. They had met often thus

for the last six years. Duke's father was a day laborer on the estate of Hortense Delmaine's high-bred mother.

The Rutherfords had not always been hirelings. Generations back they were titled noblemen in the famthey were titled noblement and taily but political differences had taken the title out of the name; and, ken the title out of the name; and, ken the title out of Rutherford, boy. So good night.' early in life, Hugh Rutherford, Duke's father, had emigrated to this country, and married, soon after, the blooming daughter of a small farmer. The young couple had nothing but wealth and true love;

clinging to a frail shrub that had taken root in the sparse earth at the top, with the other she grasped the

coveted blossoms. Duke, white and rigid, stood above her looking kown. She shook the flowers above her head. 'I dare do what a boy trembles seeing done!' She stopped hastily in the gay, taunting speech she was making .-The treacherous rock under her foot a little swaying shrub to hold her

back from eternity.

Duke threw hsmself upon his face, reached over, caught her uplifted hand in his, and drew her up slowly, laboriously-for she was nearly his own weight, and he realized too well how much hung on the result to be hasty or reckless of his strength. He rose to his feet, lifting her up with him. For one moment, breath. less and overcome by the thought of what she had escaped, she leane against him, then turning coldly away she seated herself on a rock.

'Well' she said, hautily, 'You have saved my life, I suppose. Vit worth? My mother-will She stopped abruptly. Duke's face had grown crimson; his lips were compressed. She understood him and forbore the insulting speech she was about to make. Her voice was softer when next sne spoke, for

being proud herself, she respected the pride of others. Forgive me, Duke. What shall give you to show how grateful I am? and she began to detach the heavy gold chain she wore at her girdle. He put it back when she of-

fered it. 'Give me the bunch of heliotrope in your hair.' She pulled it out and laid it in his

'Good by, Duke, I am going home; I may not see you again. To-morrow I am going away to Wilbraham to school. Don't you wish you could go to school?

That night Mr. Rutherford called Duke into his bed chamber, where he kept his private desk and his meager store of books. He took from an ebony casket a ring set with a diamond orbitone.

'There, my son,' he said, 'is the ouly thing I have on earth to show that noble blood flows in my veins. grandfather, the Duke of Somerset, up by some power beyond her own It cost five thousand dollars. It will bring readily more than half the sum. I bequeath it to you.-Will you keep it and show the world that your ancestors were noble-or _' He paused and looked eagerly

into the face of the boy.
'Or what, father?' Duke's face was eager, hopeful; already he had divined his father's meaning. You love books. I had thought you might desire an education. The proceeds of that ring will defray your expenses at school-maybe

through college. But you can keep it if you choose. Which shall it 'Oh father! knowledge, before anything else in the world! What care I if my body starve, so that my soul be fed? So it was decided, and a fortnight

afterward Duke left Romney and entered the Preparatory school at

Six years passed. Duke had been six months at college, and was home on a brief vacation. Miss Delmaine had just grandated at a fashionable finishing school and returned to the Hall, a wondrously beautiful and accomplished young

lady, followed by a train of obsequious admirers. One still July night she stole away from the revelry of the Hall, and went, as of old, to the chiffs. Duke was there before her, sitting silently in the moonlight, looking out to the sea. He heard her step, —perhaps the thrill at his heart told him who was coming. The heliotrope had lain there all these six years. He rose and turned to-

wards her, waiting her pleasure. She might recognize him or not, just death! as she chose. She passed him with a haughty glance. He did not flinch, but stood thirteen, he, a tall, stalwart boy a year her junior.

There was a wide difference in their stations in life. You had only moon. A faint flush rose to his with folded arms-his tall, manly figure outlined against the purple sky, his face lit up by the young

white forehead. 'It is Duke Rutherford?'
'Miss Delmain! Allow me to wel-

come you home.' She gave him her hand. After all, old memories still held their way in Some secret audacity moved him

to say it. He bent over her and whispered: I have got the heliotrope, yet, Hortense.'
Her eyes blazed; she snatched her no harm to glance within. hand from his as if his touch stung her. 'Remember to whom you are speaking!' She said sharply.

'I do remember.' Thave other business than listening to the silly talk of a love-sick Six years have passed again. Duke Rutherford had a name in the land.

On his graduation he had studied

law, been admitted to the bar in due

The young girl was almost reckless in her darings at times. This afternoon she was in her most dangerous mood. A cluster of purple flowers growing in a cleft in the rocks below the surface of the cliffs, attraction of the cliffs, attractions and the control of the cliffs, attractions and the control of the cliffs, attractions and the control of the cliffs, attractions are control of the cliffs.

had swung herself over the preci-pice, and resting one foot on a nar-beyond him and his range of thought row shelf of rocks, her left hand to the sea stretching so darkly blue and boundless to meet the twilight

Duke Rutherford stopped before her just as she disengaged herself from her companion.

which we used to look from the cliffs, Miss Delmaine,' he said quick-She was leaning over the side of the vessel, looking down at the wacrumbled and fell-there was only ter. She lifted up her eyes, shud-

> n six years it seems. He smiled to himself, So she renembered how long it was since she had seen him. 'It is like going back to my lost

He did not finish the sentence. Her late companion approached, and drew her arm within his. She mentioned the gentlemen's name to each other—'Mr. Trevanon, Mr. Rutherford.' They bowed coldly.

Afterward, Miss Delmaine and Duke never met alone; sometimes surrounded by her friends she came

othing more between them. The voyage was drawing to a close. They were nearing the harbor. A great storm arose; the vessel was driven out of her track and drifted down to the capes. One dark, direful night, in spite of skill and frenzied effort, the ship struck the rocks of a lee shore and parted.

A little moment to realize the dreaded horror of their situation, only, was left to those on board. Miss Delmaine, pale, but calm, was holding the arm of Mr. Trevanon; her friends, shricking and terrified, stood near. She was not looking at the threatened destruction before her, but over her shoulder, with a hungry, wistful something in her eyes, as if she forgot what she saw The expression died out as Duke Rutherford appeared. For

an instant their eyes met. Then! the ship lurched violently there was a dull plunge, a wild shriek of agony, and the water swarmed with struggling human beings. The world had grown dark to So the puzzled philosopher is left Hortense, but she felt herself borne alone with the pretty young mother, said Dickenson as he went to his touched the firm shore of the cape. Then, into the light and warmth of a fisher's cottage, and when they had laid her down on the rude settle she opened her eyes and saw-Duke

Rutherford. 'You saved me?' she asked. 'I had that honor.' The door opened and Mr. Trevn-non appeared. Whatever Hortense might have said by the way of thanks was checked by his entrance, and directly afterward Duke went out. Three weeks passed before

they met again, and then it was in the old place on the cliffs, at Rod-Mrs. Delmaine was dead; Hortense had been to visit her grave, and on her return, sat, for a moment, on the gray familiar rock to look out

on a wintry sea. Her eyes were still wet; she had been weeping over the dead. Duke found her thus, and seating himself beside her, drew her head on his shoulder.

'Hortense,' he said, 'I love you.

defy your contempt; I dare repeat it to you. I love you.' For a moment it seemed to him that she clung to him, then cast him away, and rose to her feet. And when she spoke her voice was cold and unmoved. "On New Year's eve I am to be married to Eugene

Trevanon.' Duke started up-seemed about to make some impetous speech, check-ed himself, and bowed and left her. And she threw herself down where he stood, moaning out—'Oh! pride! pride! it will soon be my

It is the last day of the old year Duke Rutherford, a stern and gloomy man, was about to bid adien to his native land for a long sea-Almost unconsciously, he turned his steps towards Delmaine Hall. It

rose up, a gloomy, massive pile, lightened only by the red fire-light, at a single window. To-morrow it would blaze with the lamps lit to shine upon her bridal. He paused to turn back, something led him on. Through the deserted garden, up to the broad door, which stood ajar. All was quiet within. The guests were in bed. Only some tardy servant was up-it would do

He stepped to the door of the room where he had seen the light, and pushed it softly open. He saw no one. Still he went on, and sat down in a great lounging chair before the warm blaze. Some one rose up from a sofa the other end of the fire-place. He started up, an apology on his lips for his audacions intrusion. She-it

was, Hortense-clad, not in bridal

robes, but in sable vestments, and

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM. Mrs. Diaz is the high priestess of ommo sense. She thinks that the great, underlying cause of the state of things which now exists is the want of insight, the unenlighten- cupation than the training of chil-

ment, which prevails, not concerning dren, special preparation was rewhat woman's mission is, but con-cerning the ways and means by which she is to accomplish it. We It is the same old ocean upon say, often enough, that the true mis- seems to find them chiefly in pies dered slightly, and drew up her shawl. Duke assisted her. 'Mr. Rutherford, you turn up once

philosophers, who come to us from uu, moon, or stars, speak the Eugfish language, and so have no diffi-culty in exchanging ideas with the boyhood to see you, Miss Delmaine learned or the unlearned of us.

In this instance the philosophe from other spheres observes the little children drawn along in their little chaises, and inquires whether these beautiful creatures are of any use. Oh yes, they are the hope of the country-the material from which our future men and women upon him, and acknowleged him are to be made. Ah, then there is by a distant bow—but there was no danger of their growing up any thing but the right kind of men and women? Certainly, there is great danger. In fact, some of them de grow up treacherous, murderous, re-vengeful. Our drunkards, murderers and thieves were once such innocent babies as these. And its only chance, cries out the philosopher whether any child turns out saint or sinner? No, not quite that. It depends largely on training. Children are wax to receive impressions, and marble to retain them. Ah; but at least they are all pretty much alike; you can study the matter and make me general rules? Not at all—they differ widely in temperament, even in the same family, and each child requires separate and conscientious

who, in answer to his inquiries about up by some power beyond her own strength—upward and onward through the billows, till her feet who, in answer to his inquiries about her attainments, begins to name over all that she has learned at the "Institute" stitute." "And the training of children-moral, intellectual and physicalwas no doubt made a prominent sub-ject of consideration?"

study. Who, then, dare make these

early and long-enduring impressions,

of such infinite importance? Who?

specially trained class adapted to this work! No; not exactly. Bat

"Training of children? Oh, no!that would have been a curious kind

"What mission do you mean?" "Your mission of child-training," "I had no preparation."

these points."

your chief mission?" dinate part."

read them.

broken-hearted." "Is it a common thing here for that one sex is less able to bear the children to die?" "I am grieved to say that nearly

one-fourth die in infancy." "And those who live, do they grow up in full health and vigor?"

but has some ailment."

ject to no laws?"

sion of woman is to train up her chil. and ruffles. Housework, as it goes dren rightly, and to make home happy. But who considers in what manner she should be fitted for odds and ends of time should be these duties? To illustrate the folly of this disregard of special training, Mrs. Diaz resorts to the familiar The great step would be gained, she supposition of a visit to this world thinks, if men could be pursuaded to by a philosopher from some other preser that their wives should give planet. It is observable that all these them less pies and more intelligent companionship, and women would be ready to wear plain garments, and so gain time for study. There is much sound sense in this, and the author paints in strong colors the endless labors of the model housekeeperthe endless stitches of the mother, who is determined that her children shall ruffle it with the best. Burleigh, writing from N. Y. to the Boston Journal, relates the following: A party of gentlemen were together last week, and were telling old time stories. One referred to Senator Dickenson. He was not over learned,

but was very shrewd. He knew absolutely nothing of the classics' and was greatly annoyed when one quoted Latin. Van Buren had swung off into Free Soil, and the burden of the party was on Dickenson's shoulders. A friend of Van Buren was eulogizing the ex-president in a speech He spoke of Curtius, and compared Van Buren to that noble Roman, Dickenson went over to a seat occupied by a Senator who was at home in all that relates to the Romans. "Who is this Curtis, the Senator is talking about?" "O, he is not talking about Curtis at all. He is talking of a noble Roman patriot. His name was Curtius, nor Curtis." "Well, what did he do?" " Why, in the time of a yes; now it is clear. You have a great public calamity he threw himself in the breach and saved his county." "O that's it, is it." " What did you say his name was ?" "Curtius." "Wont you spell it?" C-u-r-t-i-u-s." "All right. Thank you," like a man fresh from the classics "And who is this Curtius, to whom the honorable Senator compares Martin Van Buren; He was a noble Roman. He was a patriot. But how unlike Mr Van Buren. Curtius threw himself into the breach to save his country. But Martin Van Buren "Where, then, were you prepared threw his country into the breach to for the duties of your mission?"

"No preparation? But are you are quainted with the different temperaments a child may have, and the different combinations of them? Are you competent to the direction and be remembered with impatience, culture of the intellectual and moral A defeated love with woman is too nature? Haye you skill to touch the often a defeat of her intellectual life. hidden springs of action? Have you, thus uninstructed, the power, the knowledge, the wisdom, requisite for guiding that mighty force—a child's soul?"

Often a defeat of her intellectual life. An emotion, the misdirection or disappointment of which is capable of inducing a large per centum of insane in one sex over the other. Certainly we must credit this excess on the "Alas! There is hardly a day that part of woman with an important phy-I do not feel my ignorance on all of sical factor, aside from that of sex hese points."

"Are there no sources from which ment than man; but these physical knowledge may be obtained—there must be some books written on these most potent physical effect to the "Possibly; but I have no time to destiny of woman. It will suffice to illustrate the fact referred to to take "No time? -no time to prepare for the figures from the report of two asylums for the insane-the Penn-"It is our mission only in print. In sylvania Hospital for the Insane and real life it plays an extremely subor- the Michigan Asylum. Of 141 iusane "What, then in real life, is your institutions whose supposed cause of mission?"

"Chiefly cooking and sewing."

"Your husband, theu, does not were men. These figures are taken from share the common belief in regard an excess of 454 male over female to woman's chief duty?" immates. Now, the figures as we only yes. I have heard him expanded the form and the system of the figures as we gather them from any law reports press it many a time, though I don't show that women are no more prone think he comprehends what a woman needs in order to do her duty conclude that a specific cause leading by her clildren. But he loves dear- to this excess of insanity in one sex If one should die he would be over the other exists with greater force in one than the other, and not

operation of the specific cause.

An Alligator as a House Bog. In many parts of the Southern states "Oh, indeed, they do not! Why, look at our crowded hospitals! Look at the apothecaries' shops at almost every corner. Look at the advertisements. Don't you think there's meaning in these, and a meaning in the long rows of five story, swell-front houses occurred by physicians. front houses occupied by physicians, the cause of a curious case being and a meaning in the people them-selves—there's scarcely one of them brought an action against a neighbor "But is this matter of bealth subect to no laws?"

"The phrase, 'laws of health,' is a she had frequently had occasion to familiar one, but I don't know what those laws are."

"Mothers, then are not in the hab."

she had frequently had occasion to enter his premises, and that, when ever compelled to do so, she was in fear of her life. The defendant, who it teaching them to their children?"

"They are not themselves acquainted with them."

"They are not themselves acquainted with them." in the conting but wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the wealth and true love; and after two years's successful years of the years of the wealth and only his six months old boy to toll for, and had only his six months old boy to toll for, and had only his six months of the years of the world.

No restraint was put upon the intercourse between Duke Rutherford and Hortense Delmains by the proal lady mother of the years between Duke Rutherford, part of falles and not have a put to falled and the years of the world.

No restraint was put upon the intercourse between Duke Rutherford, part of the years of the years

low the surface of the cliffs, attracted her attention. She sprang towards them. Duke waved her back.

Before he could prevent her, she lower the surface of the cliffs, attracted her attention. She sprang towards them. Duke waved her back.

Before he could prevent her, she lower the country of the surface of the cliffs, attracted her into his arms.

And whose are you now?

'And whose are you now?'

'Yours, if you will take me.'

And Duke Rutherford did not the back.

And Duke Rutherford did not sail for Europe.

The gathered her into his arms.

'Yours, if you will take me.'

And Duke Rutherford did not sail for Europe.